'hortus conclusus'

A Series of

mediaeval latin hymns

With Selected English Renderings

PART TWO

PRUDENTIUS

(348 - *circa* 410)

Printed by Stephen A. Hurlbut

AT THE SAINT ALBANS PRESS

Mount St. Alban, Washington, D. C.

1930

BV
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firespicis lapsos cadunt · fletuq culpa soluit ∴

Tu lux refulge sensibus mentisq somnū discute
te nra uox primū sonet · et ora soluamus tibi ∴

YMNUS MATUTINALIS ∴

Splendor patrę gtę · de luce luce proferens
lux lucis et fons luminis · dies dierū lumināns ∴

Veru sq sol inlabere · micans nitore ppeti ·
rubarq sci spūs · infunde nostris sensibus ∴

Votis uocem exaudi patrē · patrem phemis gtę
patrem potentis grāe · culpā relegēs lubricā ∴

Informet actus strenuos · demē rotundet invidi
casus secundet asperos · donet gerendi gram ∴

Mentē gubernet et regat · casto fidelis corpore
fides calore feruēt · fraudis uenena nesciat ∴

Xpūs q nobis sit cibus · potusq · nr sit fides · lęta
bibamus sobriam · ebrietatem spiritus ∴

Laetus dies hic transeat · pudor sit utdiluculū ·
fides uelut meridies · crepusculū mens nesciat ∴

Aurora cursus pueat · aurora totos pdeat ·
in patre totus filius · et totus in uerbo pater ∴

Codex Monacensis Clm. 343, Sæc. X, f. 213r.

¶ "Where shall we be likely to find Ambrose's hymns? The answer is obviously: In the service books of that church for which they were written. We know that this church of Milan in every age of its history, but more especially in its earlier days, has shown itself intensely conservative in upholding the Ambrosian use. . . . Then we have to look for our hymns in the old manuscripts—the hymnals, breviaries, manuals, antiphonaries, and psalters—which have preserved for us the traditional use of the Ambrosian church." *Walpole, op. cit.* p. 22.

¶ Among such service books is an early Ambrosian Psalter and Hymnary of the 10th century, now in the Staatsbibliothek at Munich. In date this manuscript is fully as early as those actually preserved at Milan, and is exceeded in age by only three others, which are of the 8th or 9th century. By permission of the Director of Manuscripts in the Munich library, I am able to reproduce here one page (f. 213r) of this manuscript, written in the clear and beautiful script known as Carolingian.

¶ This page contains the last six verses of Ambrose's hymn *Aeterne rerum conditor,* and the whole of his *Splendor paternę glorię* [*in* Part I of this Series]. The text is good, but notice the variant *provehat* in the 8th stanza, and the errors *lapsos* and *totos*. In the original there are delicate '*m*' strokes over the final vowels of *lucem* in the first, and *lubricam* in the third stanza, which are not visible in the reproduction. Notice how the verses are separated by single dots and the stanzas by triple dots.

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PRUDENTIUS

AURELIUS PRUDENTIUS CLEMENS, whom Bentley called the Horace and the Virgil of the Christians, was born in Spain about the middle of the fourth century, and was thus a slightly younger contemporary of St. Ambrose. Of his life we only know the little which may be inferred from the short autobiographical preface to his works. Well educated, he followed the usual career of a Roman lawyer, filled important judicial posts in two cities, and was finally raised by the special favor of the Emperor to some position near the throne. But in his 57th year his advancing age warned him to retire from the active world, and he devoted the rest of his life to the composition of songs in praise of God and his saints. The date of his death is unknown, but it was probably about 410, perhaps just before the sack of Rome by Alaric, the Goth.

A most prolific writer—he produced in all over ten thousand verses—Prudentius' fame rests largely on the two collections of hymns, or rather religious lyrics, his *Cathemerinon* and *Peristephanon*. The first is a collection of twelve hymns for the various times and activities of the Christian's day: At cock-crow (I), Morning hymn (II), Before meals (III), After meals (IV), At the lighting of the lamps (V), Before sleep (VI), For those who fast (VII), After fasting (VIII), For every hour (IX), At the burial of the dead (X), Christmas day (XI), and for the

Epiphany (XII). The *Peristephanon,* as its name implies, is a book of songs 'for those who have been crowned.'

In marked contrast to the hymns of Ambrose, these poems of Prudentius were not originally intended to be sung in public worship. Their great length, abundance of detail, and narrative form, together with their many metres, prevented their immediate liturgical use, but from them *centos* were early formed which long retained their place in the service books of the middle ages. As the choice and arrangement of the stanzas vary considerably in the manuscripts, in reprinting these selections I have thought it better, in view also of their literary character, to retain (except for omissions) the original arrangement of the poems themselves rather than that of the hymns made from them.

INVENTOR RUTILI, DUX BONE, LUMINIS. This, a poem of great beauty, intended for the daily *lucernare,* came to be used as a hymn especially at the lighting of the Easter candle. The metre is the classical Lessser Asclepiadic, that of Horace's well-known first ode, *Maecenas atavis edite regibus.* The excellent English translations of this hymn and the next by R. F. Davis are reprinted from *The Hymns of Prudentius, translated by Pope and Davis,* by special permission of the publishers, J. M. Dent & Co., Aldine House, London.

ADES PATER SUPREME, a hymn before going to sleep, the last seven stanzas of which, beginning CULTOR DEI MEMENTO, were formerly in use as a Compline hymn during Lent. Its metre, strange to

say, is the sprightly Anacreontic, more suggestive, as Professor Rand remarks, of all night festivity than of slumber (*Founders of the Middle Ages*, p. 208).

CORDE NATUS EX PARENTIS, is a part only (stanzas 4-9 and 36-38) of a long poem on the life of Christ. Its frequent use as a Christmas hymn in modern times makes it the best-known of Prudentius' works. It is written in the trochaic tetrameter, the long, majestically swinging lines of which I have broken at the cæsura, bringing them thus into closer agreement with the English version. This is Dr. Neale's familiar translation as revised by H. W. Baker, to which I have added the final stanza by Davis from *The Hymns of Prudentius*.

DEUS IGNEE FONS ANIMARUM. This, 'the crowning glory of the poetry of Prudentius' (Trench), is a magnificent statement of the belief of that time in the resurrection of the flesh. The solemn tread of the funeral march is reflected in the stately anapæsts, rich at times with alliteration and assonance. The metre may also be regarded as the second half of a dactylic hexameter. I am responsible for the translation of st. 1-10, of 31, and of 40-43; the rest is by John Mason Neale.

The short hymns on the Epiphany and for the Holy Innocents are fragments of the long Epiphany poem; the first is in Caswall's original version, the other is in Athelstan Riley's exquisite rendering.

The best complete edition of the text of Prudentius is by Bergman, *Corpus Script. Eccl. Lat.*, 61, Vienna 1926. The hymns, with notes, in Walpole, *Early Latin Hymns*.

HYMNUS AD INCENSUM LUCERNAE

§ From Cathemerinon V.

1 Inventor rutili, dux bone, luminis,
qui certis vicibus tempora dividis,
merso sole chaos ingruit horridum,
lucem redde tuis, Christe, fidelibus.

2 Quamvis innumero sidere regiam
lunarique polum lampade pinxeris,
incussu silicis lumina nos tamen
monstras saxigeno semine quaerere:

3 Ne nesciret homo spem sibi luminis
in Christi solido corpore conditam,
qui dici stabilem se voluit petram,
nostris igniculis unde genus venit.

4 Pinguis quos olei rore madentibus
lychnis aut facibus pascimus aridis,
quin et fila favis scirpea floreis
presso melle prius conlita fingimus.

5 Vivax flamma viget, seu cava testula
sucum linteolo suggerit ebrio,
seu pinus piceam fert alimoniam,
seu ceram teretem stuppa calens bibit.

AT THE LIGHTING OF THE LAMPS

(*Translated by* R. F. Davis*)

1 *Blest Lord, Creator of the glowing light,*
At whose behest the hours successive move,
The sun has set: black darkness broods above:
Christ! light thy faithful through the coming night.

2 *Thy courts are lit with stars unnumbered,*
And in the cloudless vault the pale moon rides;
Yet thou dost bid us seek the fire that hides
Till swift we strike it from its flinty bed.

3 *So man may learn that in Christ's body came*
The hidden hope of light to mortals given:
He is the Rock—'tis his own word—that riven
Sends forth to all our race the eternal flame.

4 *From lamps that brim with rich and fragrant oil,*
Or torches dry this heaven-sent fire we feed;
Or make us rushlights from the flowering reed
And wax, whereon the bees have spent their toil.

5 *Bright glows the light, whether the resin thick*
Of pine-brand flares, or waxen tapers burn
With melting radiance, or the hollow urn
Yields its stored sweetness to the thirsty wick.

*Pope & Davis, *Hymns of Prudentius*, (Dent), London.

6 Nectar de liquido vertice fervidum
guttatim lacrimis stillat olentibus,
ambustum quoniam vis facit ignea
imbrem de madido flere cacumine

7 Splendent ergo tuis muneribus, Pater,
flammis mobilibus scilicet atria,
absentemque diem lux agit aemula,
quam nox cum lacero victa fugit peplo.

38 O res digna, Pater, quam tibi roscidae
noctis principio grex tuus offerat,
lucem, qua tribuis nil pretiosius,
lucem, qua reliqua praemia cernimus.

39 Tu lux vera oculis, lux quoque sensibus,
intus tu speculum, tu speculum foris,
lumen, quod famulans offero, suscipe,
tinctum pacifici chrismatis unguine.

40 Per Christum genitum, summe Pater, tuum,
in quo visibilis stat tibi gloria,
qui noster Dominus, qui tuus unicus
spirat de patrio corde Paraclitum.

41 Per quem splendor, honos, laus, sapientia,
maiestas, bonitas, et pietas tua
regnum continuat numine triplici
texens perpetuis saecula saeculis.

6 *Beneath the might of fire, in slow decay*
The scented tears of glowing nectar fall;
Lower and lower droops the candle tall
And ever dwindling weeps itself away.

7 *So by thy gifts, great Father, hearth and hall*
Are all ablaze with points of twinkling light
That vie with daylight spent; and vanquished Night
Rends, as she flies away, her sable pall.

38 *Meet is the gift we offer here to thee,*
Father of all, as falls the dewy night;
Thine own most precious gift we bring—the light
Whereby mankind thy other bounties see.

39 *Thou art the Light indeed: on our dull eyes*
And on our inmost souls thy rays are poured;
To thee we light our lamps: receive them, Lord,
Filled with the oil of peace and sacrifice.

40 *O hear us, Father, through thine only Son,*
Our Lord and Saviour, by whose love bequeathed
The Paraclete upon our hearts has breathed,
With him and thee through endless ages one.

41 *Through Christ thy kingdom shall for ever be,*
Thy grace, might, wisdom, glory ever shine,
As in the Triune majesty benign
He reigns for all eternity with thee.

HYMNUS ANTE SOMNUM

§ From Cathemerinon VI.

1 Ades Pater supreme, quem nemo vidit umquam,
Patrisque sermo Christe, et Spiritus benigne.

2 O Trinitatis huius vis una, lumen unum,
Deus ex Deo perennis, Deus ex utroque missus.

3 Fluxit labor diei, redit et quietis hora,
blandus sopor vicissim fessos relaxat artus.

4 Mens aestuans procellis curisque sauciata
totis bibit medullis obliviale poclum.

5 Serpit per omne corpus Lethaea vis, nec ullum
miseris doloris aegri patitur manere sensum.

6 Lex haec data est caducis Deo iubente membris,
ut temperet laborem medicabilis voluptas.

7 Sed dum pererrat omnes quies amica venas,
pectusque feriatum placat rigante somno;

8 Liber vagat per auras rapido vigore sensus,
variasque per figuras, quae sunt operta, cernit.

HYMN BEFORE SLEEP

(*Translated by* R. F. Davis*)

1 *Draw near, Almighty Father, Ne'er seen by mortal eye:*
Come, O Thou Word eternal, O Spirit blest, be nigh.

2 *One light of threefold Godhead, One power that all transcends,*
God is of God begotten, And God from both descends.

3 *The hour of rest approaches, The toils of day are past,*
And o'er our tired bodies Sleep's gentle charm is cast.

4 *The mind, by cares tormented Amid life's storm and stress,*
Drinks deep the wondrous potion That brings forgetfulness.

5 *O'er weary, toil-worn mortals The spells of Lethe steal;*
Sad hearts lose all their sorrow, Nor pain nor anguish feel.

6 *For to his frail creation God gave this law to keep,*
That labour should be lightened By soft and healing sleep.

7 *But while sweet languor wanders Thro' all the pulsing veins,*
And, wrapt in dewey slumber, The heart at rest remains,

8 *The soul, in wakeful vigour, Aloft in freedom flies,*
And sees in many a semblance The hidden mysteries.

*Pope & Davis, *Hymns of Prudentius*, (Dent), London.

[In Quadragesima, ad Completorium.]

32 Cultor Dei memento — te fontis et lavacri
rorem subisse sanctum, — te chrismate innotatum.

33 Fac, cum vocante somno — castum petis cubile,
frontem locumque cordis — crucis figura signet.

34 Crux pellit omne crimen, — fugiunt crucem tenebrae:
tali dicata signo — mens fluctuare nescit.

35 Procul, o procul vagantum — portenta somniorum,
procul esto pervicaci — praestigiator astu!

36 O tortuose serpens, — qui mille per maeandros
fraudesque fluxuosas — agitas quieta corda,

37 Discede, Christus hic est, — hic Christus est, liquesce:
signum quod ipse nosti — damnat tuam catervam.

38 Corpus licet fatiscens — iaceat recline paullum,
Christum tamen sub ipso — meditabimur sopore.

[At Compline during Lent.]

32 *Christian! the font remember, The sacramental vow,*
The holy water sprinkled, The oil that marked thy brow!

33 *When at sleep's call thou seekest To rest in slumber chaste,*
Let first the sacred emblem On breast and brow be traced.

34 *The Cross dispels all darkness, All sin before it flies,*
And by that sign protected The mind all fear defies.

35 *Avaunt! ye fleeting phantoms That mock our midnight hours;*
Avaunt! thou great Deceiver With all thy guileful powers.

36 *Thou Serpent, old and crafty, Who by a thousand arts*
And manifold temptations Dost vex our sleeping hearts,

37 *Vanish! for Christ is with us; Away! 'tis Christ the Lord;*
The sign thou must acknowledge Condemns thy hellish horde.

38 *And, though the weary body Relaxed in sleep may be,*
Our hearts, Lord, e'en in slumber, Shall meditate on Thee.

HYMNUS OMNIS HORAE

§ *From* Cathemerinon IX.

1 Corde natus ex parentis,
ante mundi exordium,
alpha et Ω cognominatus,
ipse fons et clausula
omnium quae sunt, fuerunt,
quaeque post futura sunt,
saeculorum saeculis.

2 Ipse iussit et creata,
dixit ipse, et facta sunt
terra, caelum, fossa ponti,
trina rerum machina,
quaeque in his vigent sub alto
solis et lunae globo,
saeculorum saeculis.

3 Corporis formam caduci,
membra morti obnoxia
induit, ne gens periret
primoplasti ex germine,
merserat quam lex profundo

[Christmas-tide.]

1 *Of the Father's love begotten*
ere the worlds began to be,
He is Alpha and Omega,
he the source, the ending he,
Of the things that are, that have been,
and that future years shall see,
Evermore and evermore.

2 *At his word the worlds were framèd;*
he commanded; it was done:
Heaven and earth and depths of ocean
in their threefold order one;
All that grows beneath the shining
of the moon and burning sun,
Evermore and evermore.

3 *He is found in human fashion,*
death and sorrow here to know,
That the race of Adam's children,
doom'd by law to endless woe,
May not henceforth die and perish

noxialis tartaro,
saeculorum saeculis.

4 O beatus ortus ille,
virgo cum puerpera
edidit nostram salutem
feta sancto Spiritu,
et puer, redemptor orbis,
os sacratum protulit,
saeculorum saeculis.

5 Psallat altitudo caeli,
psallite omnes angeli,
quidquid est virtutis usquam
psallat in laudem Dei;
nulla linguarum silescat,
vox et omnis consonet,
saeculorum saeculis,

6 Ecce quem vates vetustis
concinebant saeculis,
quem prophetarum fideles
paginae spoponderant,
emicat promissus olim:

in the dreadful gulf below,
Evermore and evermore.

4 *O that birth for ever blessèd,*
when the Virgin full of grace,
By the Holy Ghost conceiving,
bare the Saviour of our race,
And the Babe, the world's Redeemer,
first reveal'd his sacred face,
Evermore and evermore.

5 *O ye heights of heaven, adore him;*
angel hosts, his praises sing;
All dominions, bow before him,
and extol our God and King;
Let no tongue on earth be silent,
every voice in concert ring,
Evermore and evermore.

6 *This is he whom seers in old time*
chanted of with one accord;
Whom the voices of the prophets
promised in their faithful word;
Now he shines, the long-expected;

cuncta conlaudent eum,
saeculorum saeculis.

7 Macte iudex mortuorum,
macte rex viventium,
dexter in parentis arce
qui cluis virtutibus,
omnium venturus inde
iustus ultor criminum,
saeculorum saeculis.

8 Te senes et te iuventus,
parvulorum te chorus,
turba matrum virginumque
simplices puellulae,
voce concordes pudicis
perstrepant concentibus,
saeculorum saeculis.

9 Fluminum lapsus et undae,
litorum crepidines,
imber, aestus, nix, pruina,
silva, et aura, nox, dies,
omnibus te concelebrent
saeculorum saeculis.

let creation praise its Lord,
Evermore and evermore.

7 *Righteous Judge of souls departed,*
righteous King of them that live,
On the Father's throne exalted
none in might with thee may strive;
Who at last in vengeance coming
sinners from thy face shalt drive,
Evermore and evermore.

8 *Thee let old men, thee let young men,*
thee let boys in chorus sing;
Matrons, virgins, little maidens,
with glad voices answering;
Let their guileless songs re-echo,
and the heart its praises bring,
Evermore and evermore.

9 *Let the storm and summer sunshine,*
gliding stream and sounding shore,
Sea and forest, frost and zephyr,
day and night their Lord adore;
Let creation join to laud thee
through the ages evermore.

HYMNUS AD EXSEQUIAS DEFUNCTI

§ *From* Cathemerinon X.

1 Deus ignee fons animarum,
duo qui socians elementa
vivum simul ac moribundum
hominem Pater effigiasti:

2 Tua sunt, tua, rector, utraque,
tibi copula iungitur horum,
tibi, dum vegetata cohaerent,
et spiritus et caro servit.

3 Rescissa sed ista seorsum
solvunt hominem perimuntque,
humus excipit arida corpus,
animae rapit aura liquorem.

4 Quia cuncta creata necesse est
labefacta senescere tandem,
conpactaque dissociari,
et dissona texta retexi.

5 Hanc tu, Deus optime, mortem
famulis abolere paratus
iter inviolabile monstras,
quo perdita membra resurgant;

AT THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD

1 *From the fiery source of the æther*
Thou hast fashionèd man, by compounding,
O Father, the soul with the body,
Two elements, living and mortal.

2 *They are thine, both thine, O Creator,*
For by thee is their union effected,
And in body and spirit they serve thee,
While the vital connection abideth.

3 *But when severed and torn from each other,*
Is the union resolved, and man dieth;
To the dust is the body returnèd,
To its source in the æther the spirit.

4 *For of all things created the doom is*
To decay, grow old, and to perish;
To dissever the firmly compacted,
To unweave the unequally woven.

5 *Of thine infinite goodness proposing*
To abolish this death for thy servants,
Thou hast shown them a pathway unfailing,
That the lost may attain resurrection;

6 Ut, dum generosa caducis
ceu carcere clausa ligantur,
pars illa potentior exstet,
quae germen ab aethere traxit.

7 Si terrea forte voluntas
luteum sapit et grave captat,
animus quoque pondere victus
sequitur sua membra deorsum.

8 At si generis memor ignis
contagia pigra recuset,
vehit hospita viscera secum,
pariterque reportat ad astra.

9 Nam quod requiescere corpus
vacuum sine mente videmus,
spatium breve restat, ut alti
repetat conlegia sensus.

10 Venient cito saecula, cum iam
socius calor ossa revisat
animataque sanguine vivo
habitacula pristina gestet.

6 *And that, while the soul is imprisoned,*
Close bound to the members that perish,
That portion may rise as the victor
Which is sprung from the heavenly æther.

7 *If some baser and carnal affection*
Hold sway in the realm of the earthy,
Then the soul, weighed down by the burden,
Will descend to a like degradation;

8 *But if mindful of fiery beginnings*
She refuseth the harmful contagion,
She shall bear to her home in the heavens
The companionate flesh of the body.

9 *For the body, left vacant and lifeless,*
Must rest for a season in slumber,
Till the time be fulfilled of restoring
Its comradeship high with the spirit.

10 *Soon the ages shall pass to completion,*
When warmth shall revisit these ashes;
New life, pulsing quick through the members,
Shall return to its old habitation.

30 Iam maesta quiesce querela,
lacrimas suspendite matres,
nullus sua pignora plangat,
mors haec reparatio vitae est.

31 Sic semina sicca virescunt
iam mortua iamque sepulta,
quae reddita caespite ab imo
veteres meditantur aristas.

32 Nunc suscipe terra fovendum,
gremioque hunc concipe molli:
hominis tibi membra sequestro,
generosa et fragmina credo.

33 Animae fuit haec domus olim
factoris ab ore creatae,
fervens habitavit in istis
sapientia principe Christo.

34 Tu depositum tege corpus,
non inmemor illa requiret
sua munera fictor et auctor
propriique aenigmata vultus.

30 *Each sorrowful mourner be silent!*
Fond mothers give over your weeping!
None count those dear pledges as perished,
This death—it is life's reparation.

31 *Thus arid and lifeless and buried,*
Do the seeds spring again into being,
Restored from the turf where we sow them,
Full grown to a harvest of beauty.

32 *Now take him, O earth, to thy keeping,*
And give him soft rest in thy bosom;
We lend thee the frame of a Christian,
We entrust thee the generous fragments.

33 *This once was the home of a spirit*
By the breath of its Maker created,
Here once was the wisdom implanted
That leaneth on Christ as its Monarch.

34 *Thou holily guard the deposit;*
He will well, he will surely require it,
Who forming it, made its creation
The type of his image and likeness.

35 Veniant modo tempora iusta,
cum spem Deus impleat omnem;
reddas patefacta necesse est,
qualem tibi trado figuram.

36 Non, si cariosa vetustas
dissolverit ossa favillis,
fueritque cinisculus arens
minimi mensura pugilli,

37 Nec, si vaga flamina et aurae
vacuum per inane volantes
tulerint cum pulvere nervos,
hominem periisse licebit.

38 Sed dum resolubile corpus
revocas, Deus, atque reformas,
quanam regione iubebis
animam requiescere puram?

39 Gremio senis addita sancti
recubabit, ut est Eleazar,
quem floribus undique saeptum
Dives procul adspicit ardens.

35 *They are coming, those times of fulfilment,*
When God every hope shall accomplish;
Then thou must give up the deposit
That now we entrust to thy keeping.

36 *For not though the flight of long ages*
Those bones had resolved into ashes,
And the dust whereunto they had crumbled
One pitiful handful might measure:

37 *Not e'en though meandering rivers*
Or breezes that sweep o'er the heaven
Each nerve have dissolved and each fibre,
May we say that the man can have perished.

38 *But until the resolvable body*
Thou recallest, O God, and reformest,
What regions unknown to the mortal
Dost thou will the pure soul to inhabit!

39 *It shall rest upon Abraham's bosom,*
As the spirit of blest Eleazar,
Whom, afar in that Paradise, Dives
Beholds from the flame of his torments.

40 Sequimur tua dicta, Redemptor,
quibus atra morte triumphans
tua per vestigia mandas
socium crucis ire latronem.

41 Patet ecce fidelibus ampli
via lucida iam paradisi,
licet et nemus illud adire,
homini quod ademerat anguis.

42 Illic precor, optime ductor,
famulam tibi praecipe mentem
genitali in sede sacrari,
quam liquerat exsul et errans.

43 Nos tecta fovebimus ossa
violis et fronde frequenti,
titulumque et frigida saxa
liquido spargemus odore.

40 *We follow thy words, O Redeemer,*
By which, in the hour of thy triumph,
Thou gavest a share in thy glory
To the thief who had shared in thy passion.

41 *For the faithful a luminous pathway*
Leads on to the heavenly Eden;
An approach to that grove is permitted
Which was lost to mankind by the serpent.

42 *There grant that the soul of thy servant,*
Good Leader (I pray) be conducted,
Till it rest in repose in the birthplace,
Which it left as an exile to wander.

43 *But we that are living will honour*
Our dead with profusion of flowers;
O'er the tomb with its graven inscription
We will pour the last tribute of odours.

IN FESTO EPIPHANIAE

§ *From* Cathemerinon XII.

1 O sola magnarum urbium [*v.* 77]
maior Bethlem, cui contigit
ducem salutis caelitus
incorporatum gignere.

2 Haec stella, quae solis rotam [*v.* 5]
vincit decorem ac lumine,
venisse terris nuntiat
cum carne terrestri Deum.

3 Videre quod postquam Magi, [*v.* 61]
eoa promunt munera,
stratique votis offerunt
tus, myrrham, et aurum regium.

4 Regem Deumque annuntiant [*v.* 69]
thesaurus et fragrans odor
turis Sabaei, ac myrrheus
pulvis sepulcrum praedocet.

ON THE FEAST OF THE EPIPHANY

1 *Bethlehem! of noblest cities*
None can once with thee compare;
Thou alone the Lord from Heaven
Didst for us incarnate bear.

2 *Fairer than the sun at morning*
Was the star that told his birth;
To the lands their God announcing,
Hid beneath a form of earth.

3 *By its lambent beauty guided,*
See, the eastern kings appear;
See them bend, their gifts to offer,—
Gifts of incense, gold, and myrrh.

4 *Solemn things of mystic meaning!—*
Incense doth the God disclose;
Gold a royal child proclaimeth;
Myrrh a future tomb foreshows.

IN FESTO SS. INNOCENTIUM

Salvete, Flores Martyrum, [125]
quos lucis ipso in limine
Christi insecutor sustulit,
ceu turbo nascentes rosas.

2 Vos, prima Christi victima, [129]
grex immolatorum tener,
aram ante ipsam simplices
palma et coronis luditis.

3 Quid proficit tantum nefas? [133]
quid crimen Herodem iuvat?
unus tot inter funera
impune Christus tollitur.

All Hail, ye little Martyr Flowers,
Sweet Rosebuds cut in dawning hours!
When Herod sought the Christ to find,
Ye fell as bloom before the wind.

2 *First Victims of the Martyr bands,*
With crowns and palms in tender hands,
Around the very altar, gay
And innocent, ye seem to play.

3 *What profited this great offence?*
What use was Herod's violence?
A Babe survives that dreadful day,
And Christ is safely borne away.

Codex Monacensis Clm. 27130, Sæc. XII, f. 43r.

¶ The manuscript tradition of Fortunatus is two-fold, a literary and a liturgical. His collected poems in eleven books [included in which are the four hymns of Part III] are found in the literary class of manuscripts, the oldest of which, of the 8th century, was formerly at Corbie, near Amiens, later at St. Germain des Près in Paris, and is now kept in Petrograd (*edited by* F. Leo, *Monum. Germ. Auct. Antiq.* IV; *see also* M. R. James, *The Wanderings and Homes of Manuscripts*, p. 49).

¶ To the second class of manuscripts belong the church service books in which the hymns form a part of the liturgy, and of these none is older than the 9th or 10th century. The hymn *Pange lingua* is found in the famous Pontifical, possibly but not certainly, from Poitiers itself (Dom Wilmart, *Jahrbuch fuer Liturgiewissenschaft*, 1924, p. 48), a 9th century manuscript, now No. 227, Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal, Paris, which also contains the the earliest known copies of the anonymous *Urbs beata Ierusalem* [in Part IV of this Series], and of *Gloria, laus et honor* [in Part V].

¶ Fortunatus' long Easter poem, *Tempora florigero*, is very seldom found complete in liturgical use; usually only the shorter *centos* appear. But in a Gradual from Ottobeuern of the 12th century, now in Munich, nearly all of the first sixty verses are found, divided among the Sundays after Easter, each section beginning with the refrain, *Salve, festa dies.* Folio 43r of this beautifully written manuscript is here reproduced. The initial capitals are red in the original, and the large 'S' is red, green, and blue. Notice the ancient musical notation expressed in neumes, concerning which see the *Encl. Brit.* (14 ed.), under *Musical notation.*

℣ Salue festa dies toto uenerabilis euo.

Qua deus infernum uicit et astra tenet. S

℣ Tempora florigero rutilant distincta sereno.

Et maiore poli lumine purpurat. Q

℣ Annuus igniuomum solem celi orbita ducit.

Qua uagus oceanas exit et intrat aquas. S

℣ Firmatis radius elementa liquentia lustrans.

Ad huc nocte breui tendit in orbe diem. Q

℣ Splendida sincerum producunt echera uultum.

Leniamq; suam sydera clara probant. S

℣ Terra gaudens uario fundit munuscula fetu.

Cum bene uernales reddit et annus opes. Q

℣ Mollia purpureum pingit uiolaria campum.

Lata uirent herbis et micat herba comis. S

℣ Paulatim subeunt stillantia lumina florum.

Floribus arridens gramina tincta suis. Q

℣ Semine deposito lactans seges exilit aruis.

Spondens agricole uincere posse famem. S

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